Our faire Appoyntments may be well perus'd
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meete.
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundering ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudy cheekes of Heaven:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeilding Water;
The rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwer within: then a Flouriſh.
Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop,
Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fiery Portall of the Eaſt.
When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
Yor. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Majeſty: alacke, alacke, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhow.
Rich. We are amaz'd, and thus long have we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy Knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay the awfull duty of our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew us the hand of God,
That hath diſmis'd us from our Stewardſhip,
For well we know no hand of blood and bone
Can gripe the ſacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale or uſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all as you have done,
Have torne their ſoules, by turning them from us,
And we are barren, and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, in our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike

Your Children yet unborne, and unbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall hands againſt my head,
And threat the glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That every ſtride he makes upon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: he is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, live in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her Maide-pale Peace
To Scarlet indignation, and bedew
Her paſtors Graſſe with faythfull Engliſh blood.
Nor. The King of Heaven forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with civill and uncivill Armes
Be ruſht upon: Thy thrice-noble Coſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the honourable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands upon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the royalties of both your bloods.
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious head)
And by the buried hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the worth and honour of himſelfe,
Comprizing all that may be ſworne, or ſayd,
His comming hither hath no farther ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement-immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall party granted onee,
His glittering Armes he will commend to ruſt,
His barbed Steeds to ſtables, and his heart
To faythfull ſervice of your Maieſty:
This ſweares he as he is a Prince, is juſt,
And as I am a Gentleman I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Coſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious utterance thou haſt,